

DIXIE'S LAND.

In order that our musical friends may be no longer compelled to whistle with the north, but may sing with the latter, we give the original words of this popular song complete:—

I wish I was in Dixie's land,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look away I look away I Dixie land,
In Dixie's land, where I was born is,
Bury on one frosty morning;
Look away I look away I Dixie land.

CHORUS: Don I wish I was in Dixie,
Heary, heary,
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie—
Away I away down South in Dixie!
Away I away I away down South in Dixie!

Old missus marry "Will, de weaber,"
William was a gay doober;
But when he put his arms around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a "forty-pounder,"
Look away, etc.

CHORUS: Now here's a health to the next old missus,
An' all the girls that want to kiss us;
Look away, etc.
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come an' hear de sing t' merror,
Look away, etc.

CHORUS: Don's buckwheat cakes an' l'zgen batter,
Makes you eat er like a fatter;
Look away, etc.
Don hoo it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trubble;
Look away, etc.

CHORUS: Don's buckwheat cakes an' l'zgen batter,
Makes you eat er like a fatter;
Look away, etc.

\$150 PRIZE STORY.

THE "COCK OF THE WALK;"
OR, THE
BOWERY BOYS ON THE TRAIL OF BLOOD.

A THRILLING STORY OF CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY J. MARTIN LANE,

AUTHOR OF THE CLIPPER PRIZE STORY OF

HARRY BLAKE.

CHAPTER VI.

"THERE'S A GOOD MANY ROOMS IN A SKIMMER!"

The "Honeycuckles" in the Dark—Belle Plank and Oathart—That Infernal Peter—Pete's Story—The Big Gun—Drummer—Almost a Shot in the Back, and a Crisply a Leap in the Dark—What a Thrill!—Kate's Young Company—Walking Up the Westing Passenger.

Pete and his companions remained in their place of confinement, after they had satisfied nature by sleeping, with feelings of uneasiness which increased hour by hour. Madocks knew Foxey well enough to be confident that he would do some for them as soon as the danger had passed, and his long continued absence was a source of continued alarm. In the room where they were it was impossible to distinguish day from night, and when the candle they had brought with them went out not a ray of light illuminated the room. The effect upon both was considerable. Graves, of a more timid nature than his companions, fairly yielded to his fears of the darkness, and sat upon the bed beside Madocks, shivering with fright. Pete was of sterner mould, but yet the unceasing darkness by taking away from him the power of perceiving external objects forced him back upon himself, and the memories with which his mind was stored were not of a kind to render contemplation very pleasant. But with Pete's swearing and Bob's crying the hours went by, and never were two men more delighted than when they heard a key upon the chimney, which indicated that friends were near. Two cautious, however, to run any risk, Pete made no sign until he heard Foxey's voice calling upon him. Then, as well as they could in the dark, they took down the false back of the chimney, and in a few moments they were with him in the adjoining room.

"You're run a great risk, Pete," said Foxey: "for if you hadn't been in a close spot they would have had you kicking against a stone wall before this."

"Why haven't you been in before?" growled out Pete, sulkily. "And not keep us long in that infernal dark hole! As for me it most vexed me—and as for Bob, he's nearly turned his hair white!"

"I've come as quick as I could, Honeycuckles," replied the old man, "for they took every mother's son of us—me along with the rest—and they didn't let me get out about an hour ago. But they've been hunting all round for you and Bob. There's a devil of a stir made—two men found with their throats cut, and one of 'em in the service!"

"I don't know anything about people's throats, and they may look for me as much as they please—and be damned to them!" "Well, they're after you—you and I know it. Once Campbell is on the track, and he swears up and down that he'll find out the man who did that to his back, and he'll arrest him. He'll have a rip in his shirt before he's done!"

"He's a hard one anyhow, and he's sworn as the sky is, and if you want to be safe you'd better get back into the old place. There's no good a chance in this town; and though it's a little dangerous for me, yet I'll never turn the cold shoulder on a man that's in trouble."

"I'll see the city of New York run with a hundred fathoms rolling over it before I leave you, Pete. Bob may—baw! I've had enough of it!"

"Not without you—not without you, Pete!" exclaimed Graves, nervously. "What time is it, Foxey?"

"It's about eight!" "Evening or morning—what is it, this week or last?" "It's the evening, what! It wasn't much before light when you came in this morning!"

"Only one day in that infernal place!" said Bob. "It seemed like a thousand years!"

"It's plain to see, Graves, that your nerves are weak! Let's take a drink and a bit of something, and then we'll go and make a call!"

Foxey tried in vain to argue Pete out of his determination, but it was as use. He was bound to go—he had some business that must be attended to; and off he went, followed by Graves, whose only reason was upon the strong nature of his companion.

As cautiously as possible they proceeded until they came to Mrs. Parry's. Pete was provided with a pass-key, and immediately upon the door he went up stairs.

"Where's Belle?" said he, opening the saloon door and addressing a general inquiry to a few of the Sisters of Charity who were seated there.

of Belle's room. No answer was made, but upon a rapping again a soft voice demanded who was there.

As soon as she heard Pete's voice she admitted them both, and they found, as Pete had suspected, Mr. Joseph Oathart in propria persona.

"Good evening, Mr. Honey!" she said, in a bold manner to Pete, as soon as he was seated in the room. "Good evening, sir! There have been several inquiries made here to-day as to your whereabouts."

"I inquire for me!" "Yes, indeed! By eight o'clock this morning there were some very fine appearing gentlemen here asking about your health, and they were so persevering in their inquiries that they would not receive Mrs. Parry's protestations at all, but pushed their anxiety so far as to search the whole house, and even came up here into my bedroom and rummaged in my bureau, and shook my post-chests, and actually took me out of my bed to see if they couldn't find your delicate person between the sheets! What new mischief have you been driving at—or is it on account of your Verdant that we operated upon last night?"

"That he had been sought for ever there spoke well for the activity with which the search was prosecuted. Evidently he was getting to be a person of great consequence! But he thought in a moment that the search through Mrs. Parry's was caused by the loss experienced by the young man who had been introduced to the fascinating Miss Pink on the previous evening."

"And so young Hephzibah has gone to law to get back his funds, has he? We shall have a case in court, Belle! Rustic individual against Mr. Honey and Miss Pink!"

"Then you haven't got my note yet?" inquired Oathart in an agitated manner.

"None—no!" replied Pete. "Why what's there in the wind now?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Honey, except that Mr. Oathart informs me that our work last night was for nothing. The rustic individual has by some means got back from Mr. Oathart the papers we were at so much trouble to obtain."

"Hill and Foster!" exclaimed Pete, "that is some of the handiwork of that meddling Bill Foster!"

"Foster—Foster!—yes—yes!—that's the man who took them!" said Oathart.

Pete fairly groaned with rage.

"And Mr. Oathart is at a loss to understand how any one came to know that he had them in his possession. He thinks one of us must have betrayed him!"

There was a smile upon Madocks' dark face of perfect malignity as he replied:—

"I saw that youngster down in the Bowery last night after he had been lifted. He came into a room where I was and accused me of taking his pocket-book. He said he would kill me if I didn't give it up. And didn't you see the insult by his blood?" said Oathart, in a nervous whisper.

"No—I didn't do it. There was a reason that I needed a reminder of you," Oathart's face became deadly white, when this chord of his memory was touched. "And I couldn't strike him! But he became more excited and talked large, and put my hand on my belt, and he said he would kill me if I didn't give him the money. He said he would kill me if I didn't give him the money. He said he would kill me if I didn't give him the money."

"And so the 'Cock of the Walk' enlisted as a companion. He learned from the young man where he had been, and whom he had seen. But how did he know that Mr. Oathart had the papers?" said Belle.

"Yes—yes! how did he know that?" inquired Oathart.

"Now you've got me!" exclaimed Madocks with a tremendous oath.

Belle knew more of the comings and goings of the evening before than either of the others, but here was a link gone that even she could not replace.

"I can understand all but that, Mr. Oathart. I received a call from that gentleman last night after you had left."

"What! from Foster?" exclaimed Belle in a breath.

"Yes! from Bill Foster. He used to be an old friend of mine, and knew me before I was as wicked as you have made me, Mr. Madocks. He wanted the boy's pocket-book, but he couldn't get it—neither did he learn from me that Mr. Oathart was interested in the affair. It must be that they were followed last night when you left the house!"

"Yes!" screamed the old man, "and that accounts for the fellow upon my doorstep looking at the name! Cheery arrested a person there, but he escaped by pretending to be drunk, and flooring him at the corner of the street!"

Puffy Joe, of course, said Pete. "That's one of his dodges, and he's got as many as a dog has hairs; but I'll be up with them both before long. Belle, have you got any bread?"

"I suppose you can get some by riling," she said in a sneering tone.

"I'll raze the hell and ordered a bottle of brandy. When it was brought he poured out a glass brimming full and drank it off at a draught. 'Try it, Oathart,' said he, 'it will make you old and timid and brave!' and he laughed like a fiend. But Oathart declined, and again Pete filled up his glass and quaffed it to the bottom. Then he turned fiercely to Oathart."

"Well, what's the matter, old fellow, and you've paid me well for it. The first blow I ever did in my life I did for you—and I finished it up neatly, didn't I, you old scoundrel!"

Here Oathart made a gesture as if about to speak, but Pete continued:—

"You needn't be afraid of what is said here, for Bill Foster knew it at the time, and since you've made me well, old fellow, and the last I've done for you hasn't squared our accounts. I owe you one yet, and I'm going to pay you to-night; for I'm going to find that infernal Foster and that young countryman, and if it's the last thing I do in this world I'll wipe 'em both out!"

At this Pete started for the door. The strong liquor that he had drunk had made an impression on his nerves, or if any only to strengthen his determination. Without listening to a word addressed to him, he left the room.

He was joined by Bob, and together they went towards the place where they expected to meet with Bill. Although Pete knew the danger in which he was, he cared not for it. He felt as though he had been hunted to his lair—that his race was almost run, and he determined to take vengeance upon all his enemies and clear up all reckoning in one evening's work.

As they went down town Madocks kept revolving in his mind the place where he would be most likely to meet with his foe. He required at several popular resorts, but he could find no trace of him. At last, in the course of his walk, he was attracted by the appearance of a crowd in St. James' street, and thinking he might obtain the information he sought, he went in.

champion, pitched into him like a pack of wolf-dogs—and a bore upon him at once.

"Walk in gentlemen! Walk in!" shouted Bill. "Front seats reserved for ladies!" and at every word down went a man with a bee buzzing in his ears.

Such a rushing and tramping and overturning, John Bates' shop never witnessed. Bill was upon his muscles and to discount, and the way he walked around was a caution to novices.

"Down in front!" sang out Bill with a loud laugh, as he put his left in between an unlucky Jew's man's waist apparatus, and striking out both sides he continued, every word being emphasized with a bow, "I way don't you come along—if you're coming to-night! Asks up—or else the board!"

Puffy Joe and Charley were standing all this time at the door, and doing what Bill did. They saw the males with different feelings. Joe looked on and laughed, thinking it a rare sport; and occasionally he would shout to his friend: "Bill in William—you've got 'em in a box!" or "Smash away, Bill! These fellows can't sweep a crescent!" But Charley, who was unaccustomed to promiscuous rows, looked on with a look of great danger, and was several times on the point of jumping in; but Puffy prevented him.

"Don't you see, Charley, that the 'Cock' is playing a lone hand, with both bowers and the ace? Just keep out, for Bill's just got into condition; and if you join in likely as not he won't know you, and you may get sniped; and then my boy, you'd have the headache for a week, for he strikes hard enough to drive a spike! Don't you suppose if there was any trouble that I'd counsel myself in?"

But a new element was about to be introduced into the contest. Madocks had observed everything with a watchful eye, trusting that Bill Foster would be made up in the melee. But when he saw that, although alone, he was more than a match for them all, he drew his knife, and concealing it in his sleeve, bided his time. As soon as the varying turns of the fight brought Bill towards his corner, back towards him, with a fierce yell Pete sprang forward, barbed his knife, and aiming a powerful blow at the defenceless neck of the man whom he so much feared and hated. The peril was instant, and it seemed as if no earthly power could aid him here. But the movement attracted the attention of Charley, who was nervously watching the fight; and as he saw Madocks spring forth, he shouted in tones that rang through the room like a trumpet, "Jump, Bill! jump for your life!"

Foster recognized the voice, and instinctively gave a quick jump which carried him through the struggling crowd, and avoided the danger.

Pete, overflowing with madness as thus being foiled, darted towards him, knowing that he could do no mercy and determined to give none. But as he came through the surging crowd, which parted, terrified at this unexpected addition to their number, he came with a murderous weapon, but one little obstacle presented itself before him. It was Charley Joe who, as soon as he had given the warning cry, sprang forward to interpose his feeble body between Madocks and Foster; and when Pete came rushing on he met him with a well directed blow on the temple that would have knocked an ordinary man out of time; but its only effect upon Pete, who was excited with madness and a fever, was to arrest his rush for a moment. Thus for the first time he recognized his antagonist, and with a fierce smile, forgetting everything but the opportunity that presented itself, he flung himself on the young man, exclaiming, "Go to—after your father!"

But Bill Foster was there. He saw the action—heard the words; and shaking himself from a dozen hands that were outstretched to restrain him, he dashed towards Madocks, whose knee had just started upon its deadly mission, and put in a terrific blow under his ear—a regular hip driver! Pete went down before it as though it had been a thunderbolt, and lay upon the floor deprived of all consciousness.

A confused murmur here arose of "Police!" "Police!" and the stern voice of Campbell came from above, as every man's head was cast down to a single one except—for there's a thousand dollars to be earned now!"

"Cornered, eh! Puffy?" said Bill to Joe, as that worthy seized this moment to spring to his aid.

"Follow me!" replied Puffy, "I'm fly to this establishment, and the place is good for a night's rest."

Once followed by Charley they started quickly from the room, and passing through a short entry they came to a door that opened upon the rear of the building. To their surprise it was locked. With an exclamation that sounded very much like an oath, Joe said:—

"Put your foot through the lower pane!" Bill said.

Bill went to do, my boy, for your yard's full of men. Once Campbell never changes in front without he's got a sure thing; and I can hear 'em on the steps!"

"Well! I come along then, old Cock; I tell you there's a good many holes in a skimmer!"

With this Joe started up a flight of back stairs, and as silently as he could followed Campbell to the top of the building. After them until they reached the attic. Here Joe felt free to round for a time until he found the trap door in the roof, which he opened, and the three men drew themselves up after him.

It was a dangerous situation in which they were now placed. They were upon a steep roof, in a dark night, and totally unacquainted with the localities; and Joe's knowledge, extending no further than the outside of the building. But picking his steps, he continued on with one hand on the ridge pole until they came to the roof of the next house.

"Keep your eyes peeled for a chance to get in, Bill!" whispered Joe; "for I'm desperately afraid of rolling over and sleeping in a gutter to-night!"

A careful examination revealed to them, by the sense of touch, that there was a trap door beneath them which afforded a chance for an entrance to some place or other. A hurried consultation ensued, and it was unanimously decided that they'd try the investment.

Joe stepped upon going first and finding the way. "For," said he, "if you should go first, Bill, and get caught, what would become of your Covey?" There was a pause, and the arrangements having been made, they were ready to descend the trap.

Within it was all dark, and feeling carefully with their hands they were satisfied that there was no ladder to descend upon.

"I'll hang and drop, boys," whispered Puffy; "and find out if there's any bottom to this infernal hole!"

With this he gave the floor, and two hundred and a quarter!"

"Nary a bit!" replied Joe; "I can go down as easy as a cat!"

Lowering himself down by his hands, until he had stretched himself out about two inches more than his ordinary length, Puffy let go his hold and dropped.

Now it happened rather unfortunately that the garret had an occupant in the person of an Irish girl who was then fast asleep, after the toil of the day. And more unfortunately still, it happened that her bed was directly under the trap door, and as she was sleeping, little thinking of the "angels that were hovering round," and the conversation that was going on over her head, she was startled by the sound of the trap door opening, and she arose in a panic, and as she came down she fell upon the head of the man who was descending.

The uproar that ensued baffled all description. It was like an Indian howl, and a scream of pain. It came forth from the lips of the enraged damsel, in a delicious Irish brogue; as in the work of the bedside she rolled over, outstretched in the grasp of Puffy Joe, who was convulsively feeling for her head and feet, but with very poor success; for it was extremely dark and Joe was somewhat flustered.

Martha! I repeat! I repeat! she screamed, alarmed beyond measure at Joe's demonstrations, for the more he felt for her wadded pillow the more he didn't find it.

"What! what! Bridget, darling!" said Joe in soothing tones, with a brogue as sweet as her own.

But the affectionate did not succeed, and she screamed louder and louder, till the noise echoed the house below, and people could be heard running round to find out what was the disturbance.

Scene in the place. Bill Foster and Charley had heard all that passed, and in spite of the dangerous consequences that might be expected, the whole thing was so ludicrous that they fairly gave way to laughter. But as soon as they could compose themselves, Bill stretched himself out as far as he could, and said, "Come out of that, Joe, as quick as you can. Here's my hand."

he looked round and found the attic was empty. He received both his companions in his arms, to prevent any noise, and placed them quietly on their feet.

They found the staircase easily, and commenced their descent, ignoring as to where their steps were, and just put her through. I'll go ahead, and you and Charley just follow in my wake, and it'd be a big 'un that'll keep us back!"

As they came into the hall below, all was silent as the grave. They turned and passed down the next flight, but just as they came to the head of the next stairway the hall door opened, and two men entered.

"It's best to avoid a noise, Puffy," said Bill; "so we'll just slip into one of these rooms till they get past."

There was no time for a longer deliberation, as the persons below were already ascending the stairs. It would be an easy thing to overcome them by force, but Bill wished to prevent an alarm, and he made up his mind not to go in on a muscle till all other resources had failed.

As the strangers drew nearer, he put his hand upon the knob of a door and opened it. To his astonishment, it was occupied by females. It was too late to retreat now, and so, putting on a bold face, he walked in, followed by his companions, at the same time dodging his hat with a "Good evening, ladies!"

"It's best to me you're a shade late, Bill," said one of them, rising and advancing to meet him. "I've been waiting for you more than an hour!"

It was Kate Young, with whom he had made an appointment that very morning.

"Yes, Kate," he replied, much relieved to think that by chance he had stumbled upon that very spot—"Yes, Kate, it's a minute or two late; but, yes, I've been busy."

"Busy! You've been fighting, Bill Foster! Your coat's torn, and you look as though you'd been run through a war mill! But let me introduce you to a couple of my friends—Miss Lucy Parks and Miss Fanny Elliot."

Bill nodded assent to the girls, and flung himself upon the sofa. "Well, Joe," said Kate, "I'm glad to see you and this young man with you. I suppose you've been appointed as his guardian by the surrogate. These girls are Lucy Parks and Fanny Elliot, and this young man, ladies, is Puffy Joe."

"An individual who loves the company of virtuous and respectable females, and who is a first-class pug, and a first-class scoundrel, it's not my natural disposition, but it's because I've had enough of female society for forty-eight hours!"

Kate brought on some champagne, which they drank, and a merry conversation ensued. Joe didn't take much part in it, but sat alone in a chair occasionally rubbing his legs and muttering an oath about that infernal Irish girl!

In the midst of the prevailing good-feeling, the door opened and in came two men.

"Ah! Kate," said one, "what's this? Have you got company to-night?"

"Some few gentlemen of my acquaintance—just dropped in for a friendly call."

"Yes! dropped in," said Bill, with a wink to Joe.

"Pretty good men they are, indeed, Miss Young! Let me tell you, Kate, that your tastes are exceedingly low and extremely vulgar. But I presume your friends have finished their call, and I suggest that you should bid them good evening."

"Yes, Kate, bid 'em good evening; they're all ready to go—they are!" said Bill, opening his eyes and looking wide.

"Well! if you're ready to go why don't you start?" said the first speaker.

"Oh, yes!" said Bill, very quietly; "I always like to accommodate a gentleman—I do."

"I'm happy to find that your wishes correspond with your necessities, so you can start right off!"

"What may I call your name?" said Bill, in his drawing tone, as he laid back and put both his feet on the sofa, at the same time dropping his head in Kate's lap, who sat beside him.

"I say, can't you lend me a quarter?" asked Joe, very innocently. The strangers appeared to be amused at this. It struck them as being a little peculiar, to say the least.

"Never mind my name, sir. I want you to leave this room directly—directly, do you hear?"

"Do you suppose you know how to 'sweep a crescent'?" asked Joe, who was ripe for mischief.

"Step your confounded insolence, young man, and leave these premises immediately!"

"Yes, Puffy!" said Bill, demurely; "yer mustn't be scarce to the gentleman, or the gentleman will put you out!"

This idea pleased Joe immensely, and he laughed till his sides shook.

"You must excuse me, sir, if I wasn't respectful, but it's a habit I acquired when I was at the University!" said Joe, cocking up his head and looking at the gentleman, a movement which was likewise accompanied by sticking his tongue in his cheek and making a peculiar noise.

Joe's apology, if anything, only increased the stranger's wrath.

"You're undertaking to offend me, are you, young man; but I'll let you know you've waked up the wrong passenger!"

"Yes! Joseph, it's wrong for you to chaff the gentleman," drawled out Bill, without stirring from his comfortable position.

"Come, start, you lollypop!" said the stranger, walking towards Puffy in a menacing manner.

"If you go for to strike me, mister," said Joe, with an affected whine, "I'll have the law on you!"

"Don't strike him, Gilbert," interrupted Kate, "for he's so young and so timid!"

"Come, Kate," said Bill, yawning, "just pull off my boots, will yer?"

This tied the cup of Gilbert's rage to the brim, and he sprang at Joe, who was the object of his peculiar wrath. With an agility that could not have been expected from an individual of his size, Puffy dropped on the floor, right under the legs of the "coming man," who naturally enough followed him over him. Before Gilbert could get upon his feet, he was stretched at the heavy fall of a body directly across him, and still more so when, from the swearing that ensued, he recognized the gentleman who had accompanied him in— for Joe, who was inclined to be in partiality in his favor, and laid them both down together. When they arose, their hats were some what battered, and the door closed upon them in a comfortable position.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. P., Astoria.—Our old friend turned up again. The following question propounded by this correspondent, comes like a periodical appearance, and evidently puzzles very many. Our last introduction to it, occurred about two years since. Here it is. "A man enters a store, and purchases a pair of boots valued at \$7. He presents a \$50 bill in payment. The store keeper, not having change, procures it of a neighbor, and gives \$45 to the purchaser of the boots, who, with the money (\$45) and the boots, decamps. The neighbor soon returns the \$50 bill as a counterfeit, and asks \$30 in good money, which the store keeper gives him. How much did the store keeper lose?" He lost \$45 and the boots. This disputed question has about as many lives as a cat. Every now and then it "turns up" as fresh as ever. Washington Market, in this city, has been convulsed by it several times. A comical scene once grew out of this dispute in New Orleans, about twenty years ago. Some parties having got warm in the argument, they agreed to make their "first appearance on any stage," and to play the "country thing out." A was the man who wanted the boots. B was the bootmaker. C was the neighbor who changed the \$50 bill. The performance came off before a large and discriminating audience, who testified their admiration by screams of delight. One of the parties in the above performance is now a resident of Poughkeepsie in this State, and he tells us that upon another occasion since, in that flourishing place, a Yankee acquaintance, who happened to be present, was furnished with a bad \$50 bill to make the thing complete. The Yankee having put on the boots, and handled his change in good money, played his part to such perfection, that he has never been seen in Poughkeepsie since. The bootmaker in the case knows "just exactly" what he lost.

W. CARROLL.—"Will you please inform me if all the monies collected last summer for the Heenan Fund, by the several agents, can be accounted for? And one of the subscribers 1,000,000,000 is a picture about it, and would like to know if the money did really reach its destination?".....The treasurer has never made a final report, or, if made, such report has never been published. It is due to those who subscribed towards the fund, that a regular statement of receipts and payments should be made public. We published a list of the contributors who gave their money through us, with the respective sums subscribed by them; and this, we believe, is the only book account that has ever been advertised. Mr. Hasting, the treasurer, should give us the items complete. The subscribers have a right to know whether their money reached its legitimate destination or not.

G. R. H., Louisville, Ky.—"Walker's Manly Exercises," price \$1.50, would be an available work for you. 2. According to the French system, and the one almost universally adopted, 1,000,000,000 is a billion. According to the English system 1,000,000,000,000 is a billion. 3. Henry Reed, in England, ran a half mile in 1 m. 55 sec. 4. We may possibly publish the names when known. 5. Richard Cline and Robert Fickmore have both performed the feat you mention. 6. Thomas King, batouise leaper, cleared 31 feet 7 inches over nine horses, and John Howard, pedestrian, has cleared 28 feet in one leap. 7. The brothers are in Cuba we believe. 8. The term "Munchausen's Travels" is used to express anything extravagant, originated from a work written in an extravagant manner some years ago, and entitled "Baron Munchausen's Travels," hence the application accorded to the term.

Ohio, New York.—Our advice to you is precisely what it has often been to other persons circumstanced like yourself. Study hard and gain a practical knowledge of the *minutiae* of the art, which you can only do by taking an employment of comparative insignificance for a time. All smaller things, no matter how small, if they may possess, have much to learn before they can properly appear on the regular stage, in an important line of business. For you, a situation in any respectable theatre out of the great cities, would be a sure means of improvement. At the same time, the qualifications you say you possess, and the evidences of good sense and education which your letter furnishes, would be valuable auxiliaries to your progress as a first class actor.

D. W. C.—My partner insists that in a game of All Fours, the jack counts as soon as made. For instance, we are both 8. I lead, and he makes his jack. Does he go out, or does my ace take me out first?.....Your ace takes you out first. Jack cannot be scored until after high and low are counted, unless turned up as trump, when it is scored immediately.

N. N. N.—The fight between Yankee Sullivan and Hammer Lane took place on the 21st of February 1841. Nineteen rounds were contested, occupying 84 minutes. 2. Sullivan never fought McClusky. 3. In the fight between Hyer and McClusky, there were 101 rounds, and the five occupied two hours and 55 minutes. 4. We can send you the Life and Battles of Sullivan, for 25 cents.

H. L. G., Salem, Mass.—"I have made a wager that A. Lincoln did not receive as large a popular vote for President in 1860, as Jas. Buchanan received in 1856. Please decide if I am correct or not?".....You lose the wager. In 1860, the popular vote accorded to Jas. Buchanan was 1,837,029. Mr. Lincoln's popular vote in November last was 1,857,610. Lincoln over Buchanan, 54,581.

STALEYBRIDGE, N. Y.—1. Bourcelot took the character of "the Indian" in the "Octoroon" at the Winter Garden at the time you mention. 2. A Miss Partridge is now at American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway, N. Y. 3. Mrs. J. Wood returned to New York last week, per steamer Asia. 3. The boxer you speak of, has a number of pupils, and is considered O. K. in the "manly art."

STUMPS, Philad'a.—Your criticism may possibly be correct, but you have not, we presume, taken into consideration that there may sometimes have been more than eleven on a side; also, that they may have had more bowling innings than batting innings, owing to matches won in one innings, or by wickets.

CINCINNATI, 2499.—You don't keep "a single eye" on the CLIPPER, or you would have seen an answer to H. W. in our edition of the 12th inst., giving the returns of New York, as follows:—Lincoln 362,387; Fusion 313,790. In favor of Lincoln, 48,577; consequently D. W. betting on 50,000 majority for Lincoln, loses.

J. C. C., Syracuse.—If you are not disposed to risk any outlay in efforts to dispose of your own property, you certainly cannot expect us, who have no interest in the matter, to incur an expense for you, for space is valuable, and our compositors must be paid for their labor, you know.

J. F. Elizabeth.—I know of no such firm. 2. Neither of Heenan's seconds at Farnborough are dead. This was a rumor that Ed Price was shot in N. W. Orleans, but it lacks confirmation. 3. Not that we are aware of. 4. Subscription expires with the present issue.

C. W. K.—At the pigeon shooting tournament which took place at Hoboken, in March, 1858, James Turner was declared the champion shooter of America. John Taylor has offered to meet Turner, in a match, but we are not aware that they have come to terms.

NEW SCHENCK, Eastport.—"A. B. and C. are playing Euchre. A makes the trump; B and C each him. Does it count B and C one each or two? 2. Is it rubable to throw up a band if it contains ace, face, nor trump?".....1. Two each. 2. No.

GAME COCK, Saratoga.—1. The "Tartars" being only a strain and not a distinct breed, are not thought much of by pitfers. 2. We have not all the numbers containing the controversy. 3. We know of no other work published at present, but the one forwarded.

JEMMY, Washington, D. C.—1. Book forwarded, which you will discover, gives instructions in gaffing. 2. Yellow legs do not indicate want of "game" quality. 3. The "Jersey Blues" are not noted for good "game" quality.

USOS, Philad'a.—1. Joshua Ward is a native of Orange Co., N. Y., and is between 23 and 24 years of age. 2. A desire, on the part of certain friends of Heenan and Morrissey, to see a fight, and ascertain which was the better man, led to the match between those two pugilists.

SINGING JACK.—There are several who claim priority in introducing the song and dance of Old Bob Ridley. Charley White was the first we ever saw in it, but we do not know that he originated "Robert Ridley, O."

CONSTANT READER.—1. Drop a line to the gentleman, and he will give you a list of the varieties he is in possession of, whatever information on the subject you may require. 2. He is a reliable man.

J. T. M., Philadelphia.—1. Rule sixteen expressly states, that a ball being caught from the wrist is not out. 2. We have no record of the feat as performed here.

P. H. H., Washington.—The British Isles are not a part of the European Continent, but they are a part of the European division of the globe.

C. R., Elizabeth, Pa.—1. Jack Laogan, who was beaten by Tom Spring, twice, fought several battles besides. 2. The "spoons" did not come to hand.

T. H. E., Erie, Pa.—1. Barney Fain beat Thos Bradshaw in 42 rounds, July 23, 1859. 2. We are not positive, but think Barney is an Irishman.

G. H. G., Sabula, Ill.—Our story of the "Invisible Thief" was published from Nov. 3 to 14 inclusive, of the present volume, of which we have all the numbers but one, at 4 cents per copy.

J. W. G., Hannibal, Mo.—We are informed by reliable authority, that Hiram Woodruff's weight, when last weighed, was 153 lbs., but that now he weighs only about 150 lbs.

S. W. H., Lowell.—"In a game of four handed Euchre, if A takes it up, and plays it alone and gets euchred, does he lose two or four?".....Loses two only.

J. S., Kensington, C. W.—1. A cock of the weight you stipulate is valued at about \$5. 2. See Ashford's advertisement in another column.

R. P. O. D., St. John, N. B.—We do not know the gentleman's exact name, but believe him to be remotely connected with that people.

ARTHUR, England.—Letters duly received, will reply soon. All well but M-y.

W. J. W., Jamaica, I. I.—John Jackson, the teacher of Lord Byron, was called the gentleman boxer.

KART, Honolulu.—We do not know when a ten-pile alley was first laid with that material.

T. B. H., Philad'a.—One dollar for each insertion if for one or more months.

J. H. A., Middleburg, Pa.—1. Drop a line to T. Ormsby, No. 82 Nassau street. 2. We don't know how many pounds they can strike. **CONSTANT READER.**—We know of no work on the subject of training dogs for the pit.

OBSEVER, Philad'a.—Your notice of the marriage should be better authenticated. You should have given us your real name.

BLUE BIRD, Mobile.—He died in 1855.

R. I., Chicago.—Heenan's father was not a pugilist.

Q.—Queries not answered in this will be attended to in our next.

Q.—We have letters for Messrs. John Taylor and T. Hanlon, stone cutter.

THE PRIZE FIGHT AT FARNBOROUGH.

MR. NEWBOLD'S PICTURE.

EVER since the great battle at Farnborough, in which Heenan and Sayers played the most prominent parts, we have heard a good deal about Newbold's picture of the same, and the public in this country very naturally desired to learn everything connected with it: what sort of a picture it was intended to be, when it would be ready for sale, and the price at which it would be published here. Well, after numerous delays, apologies, and all that sort of thing, the "big thing" was at last announced for sale in London, in December, about eight months after the date of the fight. Almost simultaneously with its publication in London, an agent reached New York, to whom was entrusted the sale of the picture in this country. In answer to the numerous questions we had previously received concerning the picture, we stated in our columns that copies could be had for six dollars per copy for plain, and eleven dollars for full colored, but up to the present time we are not aware that any colored copies have been received from the publisher. There seems to have been some bungling on the part of Mr. Newbold, and his endeavors to effect a big sale of the picture will probably end in a loss to the parties interested in getting it up, as well as to Mr. Rowley, the London agent for the United States. In this country, we know that the sale of the picture has been very limited, indeed; attributable to various influences: among which may be mentioned the high figure at which they are offered for retail. Again, although colored as well as plain copies have been advertised for sale, yet, up to last week, the agent here had received nothing but plain copies, and those who might be disposed to buy, wished to see both before making a selection. Another drawback to the sale of the picture was the very important fact that there was no key by which the likenesses could be determined; and without which the picture might almost as well be a blank. The keys were promised by the publisher, at an early day, but it was not until a couple of weeks ago, that they were received here, and when the key does reach us, purchasers of pictures are very unconsciously informed that the key will cost *seventy-five cents extra!* Now, we are not a close-fisted people, neither are we disposed to cypher things down to a very fine point; but we are supposed to be judges of what constitutes a fair business transaction, and what is a fair equivalent for the article purchased. In this case, Mr. Newbold has overreached himself, and the speculation, as far as this country is concerned, is a failure! We believe the agent here has had several copies colored in this city, to fulfil a few orders received, and which had been waiting the expected supply from London, but which supply had not reached here. Although we have had inquiries as to price, etc. of the picture, yet when these inquiries have been answered, the parties have concluded not to purchase. As we said before, a very small number has been sold here, and it is not probable, at this late day, that the number will be much increased. People at this particular time—no matter what their inclinations might be in times of peace and prosperity—have not the least desire to invest six or eleven dollars for a common lithograph, which, in itself, is not complete without a key, and which key would multiply the purchaser in an additional seventy-five cents. To show the little interest taken in it here, we might state that we have not received an order for a single copy of the picture, notwithstanding we have repeatedly advertised it for sale. Times, price, circumstances, are all against it, and the key business still further injures the sale.

The picture itself, when examined critically, is not what such a picture should be. The assemblage in the picture is not grouped together as it was at the fight, and instead of being costumed as they were at Farnborough, and as persons would naturally rig themselves out for a tug at the ring side, among roughs, and all sorts of characters, the persons represented in the print are dressed as if for a holiday promenade, or festive entertainment. There is nothing really natural about the design of the picture, many of the characters standing with their backs to the ring in which the men are represented fighting, others looking on the ground, and the majority of them, seemingly, being ignorant that a pugilistic contest is going on at all. It is not true, as well, for names of persons are given who were not present when the fight took place. As a collection of heads, the picture may answer; but as a truthful representation of the battle, it is a stupendous failure.

Mr. George Rowley, who came here as Mr. Newbold's agent for the sale of the picture in the United States, is a gentleman well known in this city, as a good business man, civil and obliging, and who has done his best to effect sales; but he has been misused by Mr. Newbold, who has violated his agreement in many particulars. In the first place, he did not send the first package of prints until some time after he had written Mr. Rowley that he would send them; when sent, there were none but plain pictures, and even then no keys accompanied them. In fact, Mr. Rowley has been treated in a very unbusiness-like manner by the London publisher, and we trust he will take legal advice on the subject when he returns to London, and demand what is just and proper at the hands of Mr. Newbold. We regret that Mr. Rowley's mission has not been more successful; but the fault lies not with him, for he has done all that an honest man could do, to extend the sale of the picture here. His hands have been tied, however, by Newbold, whose promises to his agent have never been fulfilled. Mr. Rowley confided in Newbold, and the result we have seen.

INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.—In a couple of weeks, or thereabouts, we may look for an answer from Mr. Chambers to Ward's ultimatum, in regard to the proposed International Sculling Match for \$2000, and the Championship. We do not know that there is anything objectionable in Ward's rejoinder to Chambers' proposal, and the latter's friends here declare that he will close the matter at once by forwarding the first deposit at an early day. No day has yet been suggested for the aquatic trial, and that point will not be decided upon until Chambers and his backers arrive here. It has been stated that Chambers would leave England for New York in February, but we do not believe he will take his departure so early. Ward and his friends are awaiting advice from England before taking any action in regard to future arrangements. The engraving of Ward and Chambers, published in last week's issue of THE CLIPPER, and the week previous, will give our patrons a very accurate idea of the men as they appear when sculling. The likenesses are also well preserved in our engravings, much better, in fact, than is usually attainable in wood cuts.

Whatever of interest, and of an authentic character, transpires in connection with the proposed match, will be duly recorded, from time to time, in the columns of THE CLIPPER. Until we hear from Chambers, however, there will be but little, if anything fresh, to communicate to our readers. We believe it has been settled that the renowned Harry Clasper shall accompany Chambers to America.

A MANIC TAKEN DOWN.—A Bangor bully attacked Smith, the razor-strop man, a few days since, with a torrent of abuse. Unable to stand it any longer, Smith put down his basket, took off his glasses, and said:—"My friend, I only got mad once in fourteen years, and this is my time; I'm mad all through!" With this remark he pitched in and whipped the fellow till he took all the conceit out of him.

DEATH OF LOLA MONTES.—This well known character died in this city, on the 17th inst., after a long and painful illness. A full memoir of her, with the incidents connected with her decease, will be found in our theatrical summary. Every body will read it with interest.

MARRIAGE OF CHAMBERS, THE CHAMPION OF THE THAMES.—By a letter from England, we learn that the above celebrated person, in aquatic circles, was on the eve of marriage. The name of the lady is not given.

PHOTOGRAPH LIKENESS OF RAREY THE HORSE TAMER.—See C. Cooper's advertisement in another column.

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, AND JOHN C. HEENAN.—Some of the pugilists of London seem to consider it a back down on the part of Heenan, because he does not feel inclined to take another trip to England, and enter the ring again in a match for the championship. And, in the knowledge that the Boy is not actually on his way there, two or three aspirants for pugilistic honors make rather free use of the American Champion's name. King, the big 'un, who recently made his debut in the London Prize Ring, among those who plied at Heenan, and propose to have a shy at him. Hurst is matched already, and as the fight between him and Mace will not take place until June next, it follows that there is not much chance of Heenan and the Staleybridge coming together for a twelve month at least, even should the former determine to beard the lion in his den again.

Now, as the other big 'un, King, is idle, without a prospect of getting on in the "home circuit," would it not be worth his while to turn his attention westward, as long as he appears so anxious to fight the Boy? Why not come out here with Chambers, the champion sculler? Surely, if he thinks it such an easy job to defeat Heenan, he should not hesitate to make the trial here. He will find plenty of his own countrymen here to see fair play, and numbers of Americans to see that the best man wins. If King really wishes a fight, let him take a trip hereaway. But if he is bounding, "preparing to go on to a sparring tour," which is more likely, why he will do better to remain where he is, and continue to do his fighting, at long shots, through the newspapers.

Hurst says that either the winner or loser in the forthcoming match, meaning himself and Mace, would prove the master of Heenan, should he tackle either of them; and this, he assures us is in his opinion after witnessing Heenan in his fight with Sayers. This is more bounce, big bounce, unworthy the "Champion of England." The infant would be much better engaged in getting himself in readiness to meet the very little man who is to contend with him in June. And this reminds us that the London press has nothing to say upon the difference in size between Hurst and Mace, although when Heenan and Sayers fought, this was a great subject of comment. But circumstances alter cases, we presume, and though Hurst is six feet two and a half inches in height, and two hundred and eight pounds fighting weight, while his opponent is but five feet ten inches high, and weighs about one hundred and forty seven pounds, yet it is not considered worth while to notice this disparity in size, since both men are natives of the same country. No wonder Hurst gave Mace the preference over King, who is six feet in height, and big in proportion. Instead of bounding, let either Hurst or King do as John C. Heenan has done. Let them prove their vaunted courage by meeting an opponent on other than their own soil. Until they can do this, they had better hold their peace, or confine their loose talk to their own set.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—In our foreign department will be found a few remarks on this great event to come, from the *Sporting Life*, in which occasion is taken to have a "fling" at Heenan; and to style the assertion that "Heenan virtually defeated Sayers" as "bragadocio." The assertion has been made, and fully substantiated by testimony the most ample and reliable; and further, it has been admitted by Sayers, if not in so many words, at least by what is far better—acts, and acts speak louder than words. Sayers would not (because he could not) enter the ring again against Heenan, although the latter held out every inducement, as documents in the British sporting journals prove. If that is not an admission of defeat "virtually" and morally, we do not know what is, and, consequently, we are at a loss to discover where the "bragadocio" is, on our side of the house, comes in. As to Heenan's going to England to fight again, we should like to know what guaranty will be given that a recurrence of the double dealing at Farnborough will not take place.

THE CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER OF ENGLAND.—Mr. John Roberts, the celebrated English champion of Billiards, has been, by invitation, to Glasgow, playing at Elphick's rooms five matches of 1000 up, giving Mr. Hurst, the marker, 400 points each match. Mr. R. won the first game by 113, having scored 101 and 111 points in two breaks. He also won the three following by a moderate number. The last game, however, developed the most extraordinary scoring that Roberts has ever effected. In thirty-five minutes from the breaking of the balls he had scored 380 points. The 1000 was completed in two hours and seven minutes, Roberts winning by 224 points. Eight times in this 1000 he made between 50 and 100 off the balls; Hurst's best breaks were 67 and 64. The rooms were exceedingly well attended on each occasion by the gentlemen of Glasgow and its neighborhood. In 1858 Roberts played in the same rooms four matches of 1000 points, and in one break scored 188 points—55 winning hazards from the spot.

HARRY LAZARUS WILL FIGHT MORTON.—As our readers are aware, some correspondence has passed between those two redoubtable "knights of the five," with the view of arranging matters for a mail, the principal item of difference between them, and which has hitherto prevented the match from being "on," being that Morton wished \$500 a side to be the amount of capital to be invested, while Harry sought to get on at double the figure—\$1000 a side. It appears however, that Harry has "re-considered the motion," and in a spirit of accommodation comes to Morton's terms in that respect, and will fight him at 115 lbs. weight, for \$500 a side, in four months from the signing of articles, as will be seen by referring to his card in another column.

THE HUDSON NAVY.—On Tuesday evening, 16th inst., the annual meeting of the associated boat clubs called the "Hudson Navy" took place. The prizes won by the contestants in the regatta of September 29, 1860, were distributed to the successful boats. In the regatta were eight champions, for which prize the "Hudson Navy" made a tie race. The prize will probably be contested for by the above clubs as soon as the boating season opens; and it will, without doubt, occasion an exciting and spirited race. After the transaction of some routine business, the prizes were presented by the commodore, who, in a few pertinent remarks, complimented the clubs highly on their success. The prize for six oared outriggers consisted of an elegant silver boat lantern. This was won by the Lightfoot, of the Atlantic Club, of Hoboken. The prize for four-oared boats was a very handsome water keg, made of polished oak, with eight silver hoops, and a rich silver mouth-piece. This prize was won by the Volante, four-oared outrigger, of the Atlantic Club, of New York. The first annual regatta of the "Hudson Navy," which came off in September last, was carried out in fine style, and reflected great credit on the young organization. The course was from a stake boat off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, to Jay's Point, and return. A spacious barge was anchored off the flag boat, on board of which was a numerous assemblage of invited guests, a large proportion being ladies; a fine collection, and an excellent band of music added to the attractions of this well-arranged aquatic festival. The affair was the first rowing contest between amateurs that has taken place in our vicinity for several years, and it gave an *elate* and impetus to the noble sport of rowing, from which our young men will undoubtedly reap great benefit ere the close of another boating season. A brief retrospect of the organization may not be out of place here. At a meeting of the representatives from the Atlantic, Atlantic, Aurora and Waverly boat clubs, held September 9th, 1859, it was resolved that the said clubs form themselves into an Association, to be styled the "Hudson Navy." Subsequently the navy was re-inforced by the admission of the Nantico and Neptune boat clubs. The clubs attached to the navy are the owners of one or more boats, and have handsome boat houses with neatly furnished club rooms attached, where members meet during the boating season for social enjoyment and recreation. The organization is very similar in its design and scope to the famous Castle Garden Amateur Boat Club Association, which was, in Auld Lang Syne, justly the pride and boast of aquatic New York. The officers of the navy consist of a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Secretary, Treasurer, and Recorder. The business of the navy is conducted by a naval board, consisting of two representatives from each club. The following is a list of the clubs and boats now on the association's rolls:

Names	Class	Length	Oars.
Excelsior.....	Sh. 11	40 feet.	4
Volante.....	Outrigger	35 1/2 "	4
Atlanta.....	Barge	44 "	8
Number Two—Atlantic Boat Club, with the following boats:—			
Our Jessie.....	Barge	38 feet.	6
Lightfoot.....	Outrigger	43 "	6
Number Three—Aurora Boat Club, owning the			
Aurora.....	Outrigger	45 feet.	6
Omaha.....	Barge	27 "	6
Number Four—Waverly Boat Club, with the			
Waverly.....	Barge	38 feet.	6
Ivanhoe.....	Outrigger	36 1/2 "	6
Number Five—Nantico Boat Club, who have the			
Nantico.....	Outrigger	30 "	6
Lists.....		35 "	6
Number Six—Neptune Boat Club; boats not known.			

ALIKES IN LIFE AND DEATH.—A few weeks since, it may possibly be remembered, we published an editorial on the visit of the veteran Ralph Farnham to Boston. It is well known that the good old man has since died, although some particulars connected with the event are probably not so familiar with our readers. One of these, eminently characteristic of the heroic patriot, is thus told:—"On Tuesday, the 25th ult., while with his son's wife, he suddenly asked, 'Alas! these angels in the room?' His daughter-in-law replied, 'Father, do you think they are?' 'Oh yes,' said he, 'the room is full of them, and they have come to assist me home!' This death was befitting a man who had led a life of temperance and industry, and at the call of duty had fought the battles of his country; and at the present crisis it might be pondered on to a good end.

HORSE TAMING.

MR. RAREY'S LECTURE ON THE 17th.

Before another immense and immensely enthusiastic audience, such as he is always accorded, the distinguished lecturer again appeared on the above date, and further developed and demonstrated his system of reason and humanity in the treatment of horses, contrasted with the barbarous and irrational methods mostly in vogue hitherto. It is like the augmentation of the earth in the sun of civilization now advancing over the earth, which the basis of the field, in attaching them to his service by bonds of affection as their nature and instincts are capable of, and certain. Thus, both to himself and to these necessary servants reaped. Man improves his own consciousness of superiority, and heightens the standard of his own humanity, while the horse and the condition of these, his brute but by no means dumb and unappreciative servants, and secures from them safer, far better and more continuous service. And that, too, not merely from utilitarian to the pleasures and necessities of man's moral career. These lectures inaugurate a complete and grateful revolution in the details in the hands of a sufficient number of competent pupils, we can but anticipate a theoretical good, sure to be followed by a very best practical result, alike to the horse and his owner. In a strong contrast to this course of reason, the brief exposition of blind fury, guided by more than brute passions and fear, left on record by a "celebrated trainer" of the days of "good Queen Bess." And this brief but clearly-stated process may be taken as the standard of many a "trainer" who is thus—

"If your horse does not stand still, or hesitates, then strike him with a terrible voice; and beat him yourself with your own side upon the head between the ears; and then stick him in the thigh place in or till times together, with one leg after another, as if your legges might walk; your legges must go like two bucking beasts."

Of course this "system" was illustrated with every possible degree of violence, from the mildest subject to the high-mettled steed which could be killed but not cultivated or subdued—by such tactics.

With Cruiser, as usual, the lecture opened, and several additional items of his history were recounted; as also some present characteristics of the horse. He more and more furnished a triumphant example of the efficacy of Mr. Rarey's system to "educate a horse all over." Mr. R. and his pet both appeared in excellent humor, full of good humor; and the lecturer seemed unusually free from embarrassment, and apt in his illustrations. As usual, also, an animal not particularly vicious was brought in for actual practical illustration, with which more than a ready dangerous animal, requiring unusual vigilance and effort. He has distinctly enunciated the idea that his system, though a most useful in breaking and educating horses already vicious from improper treatment—the only real source of equine viciousness—the chief field of usefulness and its greatest triumphs of good in the proper training of colts from the first, so that they shall not become vicious. 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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Among the many curiosities of advertising within the past few years, the various panaceas for consumption have had no little share. According to the general tenor of these, a disease supposed inevitable in its fatal results, by the most eminent medical authorities, and so proclaimed for more than thirty centuries, has, at once, been transferred to the catalogue of the curable. In furtherance of this desirable end, peculiar modes or "specialties" in treatment have been devised—each being credited by its originator or adopter as his perfect cure, in contra distinction to all others. Dissimilar in kind, these new modes have also been dissimilar in cost. In some instances the consumptive could only be cured on a start of \$25 for a bottle of tar water and a pipe for inhalation; in others, a simple compound procurable for \$1 would do to begin with. All the while, however, like the angry old gentleman in the play who retaliates on the would-be doctor, by compelling him to swallow his own nostrums, our modern cures of the "incurable disease" were not content until they had sold doses after doses to the ailing thousands who had sought their aid.

There is one circumstance connected with these modern healers of consumption that must strike the least observant. It is the various and often conflicting means advised as the resort for sufferers under one common complaint. Nature, we all know, governs by immutable and peculiar laws. Bearing this in mind, it is impossible for any man to reconcile to himself the possibility of any disease receiving amelioration, letting alone perfect cure, through the aid of a dozen agencies, all antagonistic to each other. But the "sordid cards" of these cures of consumption, in its "most confirmed forms," would teach us that it does.

The present season has forcibly reminded us of the disease referred to, and to its self-styled slanders and eradicators; the reiterated announcements also of these same gentlemen, sure of prompt gain in wet, cold, and uncomfortable weather, would call our attention to the matter. Two sure results accrue from this—the first, a strengthened assurance of the fallacy of the mountebank cures for consumption so ostentatiously set forth; the second, the advisability of all persons pre-disposed towards the complaint, or even suffering under it, to take that care of themselves which experience has demonstrated to us, is more potent in their case than all the drugs administered and all the treatment counselled by adventurous advocates of medical "specialties" would be found to be.

In the case of consumption, the first grand thing is to guard against its approach. In the winter season in particular, its inroads upon the most interesting portion of humanity—the young and the hopeful—count up an immense aggregate, not because there is any natural predisposition towards consumption, but because the dictates of common sense, in the way of guarding against physical contingencies, are recklessly disregarded—in one direction, we mean; while in another, a ridiculous amount of care is vouchsafed, where, in fact, there ought to be to apprehension of trouble. We shall be better understood if we draw the picture of the delicate young female, clothed, housed and surrounded by all the appliances of comfort. What do we frequently witness, in connection with such a person, at this season of the year? Simply, the extreme of prostration in-door; something amounting to sheer carelessness elsewhere. Let a gust of frosty air should penetrate through the well guarded crevices of a door, or the too sudden opening of a window should admit a wandering drift of snow, a heavy shawl is worn over the person, and hours are passed listlessly near the grate or stove. But let pleasure or fashion call that same young female to the ball or public entertainment out of doors, then how ridiculous her behavior is her conduct. With no thought of the sudden fluctuations from heat to cold, and vice versa, or the alternations from excitement to perfect quietude—such a person as we refer to takes not the slightest heed of the inevitable injury that must ensue to her—arrayed in the light and elegant garments of fashionable life, as she is, and to which the temporary covering of a shawl or cloak, on entering or departing from her carriage, affords but the excuse for a counteracting warmth.

Many a case of incurable consumption has had to be traced to a course like this—incurable, we say, not because we believe that all cases of consumption are so, but for the reason, that the interesting beings so attacked have either continued in their old erroneous course of carelessness where care is a duty, or have submitted themselves to the medical treatment of empirics.

That prevention is better than cure, is a truism not to be assailed we all of us know. Potent alike in a physical and moral point of view, we desire to find it more widely acknowledged than it is, in the matter we have been discussing; and we shall not find it, if more knowledge is acquired of and more trust placed in nature, and a more consistent care be taken of health, than we have had to illustrate in the present connection.

Don't you know—Are those who follow this pursuit aware that the same law which applies to prize fighters applies with equal severity to dog fighters? If not, it is time they were made acquainted with the fact. Spectators are liable to arrest as well as those more directly interested in these canine disputes, and it might be well for such to bear in mind that when once arrested at such an exhibition in the evening, they cannot procure their release on bail until the following day, and will have to pass the night, therefore, in an uncomfortable cell in the station house. The authorities have been very lenient, of late, to dog fighters, but they will some evening make a descent upon those places where these brutal contests take place, and all present will be subject to arrest. Rat killing is well enough, and is tolerated here, because it rid the city of thousands of these vermin; but dog fighting, or "dog poisoning," as it might be more properly termed, as far as this neighborhood is concerned, is an evil that cannot be eradicated too soon. Those accustomed to attend such entertainments would consult their own interests by remaining at home, hereafter, for it is uncertain when an onslaught may be made. A year or two ago, Captain Carpenter put a stop to these dog fighting exhibitions, for a time; but it was not long before they were in full blast again, as bad as ever. A word of caution may not be amiss at this time.

LIFE IN THE OLD WORLD; OR, TWO YEARS IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY. By Frederika Bremer. We have been presented with an advance copy of this excellent work, consisting of two handsomely bound volumes containing 962 pages. Journeying from her native Sweden, the fair authoress enters Switzerland, whence she proceeds to all the places of note in the two countries named above, ending at Naples. The work is written in Miss Bremer's well known style of force and brevity, and these qualities suffer nothing at the hands of the translator, Mrs. Mary Howitt, who has evidently brought, as an aid to the accomplishment of her task, a mind harmonious with that of Miss Bremer herself, and the spirit pervading each page of her interesting narrative. At the present season, "Life in the Old World" will be extensively read, and become a work of standard reputation. We most warmly commend its divisions into days, after the fashion of a simple diary, through which it is impossible for the reader to become entangled by dates and places, which he too often is when a more intricate arrangement is observed. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., No. 308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Price \$2.50.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The necessary repairs to this vessel will prevent her appearance at sea until the spring. For some time past she has been lying at Millers Point, Wales, undergoing a thorough examination.

"HORSE TALK."

THE TROTTER TRAVELLER, AND THE COPERS; OR, THE VICES AND VILLANIES OF THE STABLE.

The following article, though written for the English market, is so well adapted to the immediate vicinity of New York, that we give it entire, for the benefit of those concerned. There is more swindling going on in turf circles in this country than the people are generally aware of, but since we commenced the exposition of the "dark doings" in connection with our "professional jockies" and fast trotters, our country cousins are somewhat more careful in their intercourse with the "ribbonmen," and "keep their eyes skint." Read how the trotting traveller was "done."

I knew a brewer's traveller who resided in one of the most populous towns of the midland counties. He was a thorough good-for-nothing fellow, who could get orders, in his particular line, where some milk and water sort of travellers would have starved. He drove a remarkably fast trotting bay mare in brown harness, attached to a neat, light built gig. His attire was decidedly of the horsey character; he consisted of Bedford coat trousers made very tight, cut away coat, &c., &c., which saved more of the country horse dealer than of his own business, and nothing pleased him better than a spin on the road in a trotting match for a few pounds, or a transaction in horse flesh with some fast tradesman or horse dealer, and though of much a judge, he was generally lucky in the purchase and sale of horses. Besides his business as a traveller on salary and commission for an extensive brewery firm, he was the proprietor of a lively stable, and let hacks for hire under saddle and in harness. This department of his business was managed by a man from whom he had bought the business and lease of premises, and who had saved so much by being a master as enabled him to commence business as a servant. This man had a superabundance of low cunning, but no common sense. With him was the case but too commonly with many others of the same sort—all was fish that came to his net; and this had been his ruin, for no one who did business with him once would do so a second time. For instance, he would receive a horse to livery at an agreed sum of one guinea a week, but when the bill was rendered there would be an extra charge of six a week for grooming, and a shilling now and then for an alternative or cordial ball, when the horse had never had them. Sometimes gentlemen would send horses to livery with a view to sell them, and advertising them in the papers to be seen at his stable. In this case he would (when a customer applied to see the horse) shake his head significantly, and "crab" it—i.e., say that it was unsound, or had some fault; that this he did to get down the price of keeping the horse at livery to his own advantage and profit. This is a prevalent practice every where, especially in London. Many other disreputable things, similar to these, sent him to the Insolvent Court, where (having sold his business and pocketed the money) he was required to give up to the assignees for the benefit of his creditors, and received his discharge. Being turned upon the streets almost in a destitute condition, the brewer's traveller, out of pity, appointed him as manager in his old quarters, but required him to lay aside every low quaking trick, and manage the concern in a fair business-like manner. A short time in this capacity, however, sufficed to finish his career, for he was detected as being privy to a systematic robbery (practised more or less in many places) in the sale and purchase of hay, which, for the information of horsekeepers, is a detail in a destitute condition, the brewer's traveller bought his hay from one hay-dealer, or salesman (not a farmer) and having twenty horses at work, he was a good customer; the hay was of good quality, bought at a market price, and weighed at the town's weighing machine. The proprietor never suspected anything wrong until a singular circumstance revealed and exposed the whole plot. It was the winter of 1853-4, when the price of good old hay rose from £2 to £12 10s. In consequence of this, the quantities being bought by Government and shipped to the Crimea, that the swindle was extensively carried on. In the centre of the load of hay was left a sufficiently large to hold the body of an extra sized man, who, soonest himself therein until the hay was sold and weighed; the trousers being so arranged that the man could breathe freely, and yet no person could, by the appearance of the load, ever suspect that a man was concealed among the trusses. In this instance the man weighed upwards of eighteen stone, being 24 cwt., which, at £10 per ton, made the swindle amount to £24 6s. the load, as the consumption was two loads, of about a ton, each week. The hay being always bought by the single load, so as to give them the opportunity of weighing the same man in each, the proprietor, by his usual allowance, was deceived, and got down the load, and cleared away the swindler, who was sent to the hospital, and, after a long confinement, died. The manager of the stable, who was the manager of the lively stable-keeper—in fact, there were but few gentlemen in the neighborhood who had not—through their groans—bought and paid for this man by weight many times over.

The result of this was the swindler's confession of a sum of money by the hay salesman to the proprietor, which was performed more profitably than a prosecution, and the swindler of the manager, who now was turned completely adrift, abandoned and despised by everybody who knew him. He had, however, as I have said before, a superabundance of low cunning, and very soon after the occurrence of the above events, he left the town and allied himself to a gang of trotting copers, by whose aid he was enabled to get down the price of a swindle his late generous and forgiving master, the brewer's traveller. The swindler knew, to the second, in what time the bay mare would be allowed to trot a mile, at her most clipping pace—viz., three and a half minutes; but the trotting copers possessed a horse called Dusty Bob, that could trot a mile in considerably less than three minutes, and getting the necessary information from their own man in the stable, they would enter on a certain day, two of them started with Dusty Bob, harnessed to a gig, to the rendezvous, and awaited his coming, and in due time up he dashed with the bay mare at a spanking pace, and pulled up opposite the bar-parlor window of the inn, where the two copers sat, one of whom had alighted from the gig a few hundred yards from the inn, and walked into the house as if he were a perfect stranger to the other. This one accosted the traveller with, "A nice mare you are driving, sir; she looks like trotting," said he. "Yes, she's a fair coper, sir; a very fair coper," said the traveller. There were several more people in the parlor at the time, one being the butcher, who lived hard by, and who knew the traveller well from the fact of his always treating him when he called at that house, and also from a little similarity in the latter's tastes, especially in trotting matters. At this juncture the landlord entered, and after shaking hands with the traveller they retired; the footsteps of the landlord were immediately heard on the stairs, and in another minute or two he descended, a brief interval elapsed, when the pen and inkstand were fetched from a shelf in the bar, then a rattling of gold and silver was heard in the drawer of the bar, and over the bar a murmuring, which sounded very like kilderkins, barrels, ale, porter, mugs, &c. But while all this was going on in the little snuggeries, the conversation between the butcher and copers had commenced—mildly enough at first, it is true, but it had now waxed very warm about the respective merits of the bay mare. The copers thought his old "bag of bones" in the stable could trot faster. The butcher strongly advocated the copers' opinion, with the addition of a snort, and a snort of the copers' opinion on the table, that there was "nothing in this country" could lick the mare; "Midland Pride," he called her.

The traveller now entered. This was the last calling place; he had been lucky that day both in money and orders, and a common observer, who knew the man, could see it in his beaming countenance. "Now, Sam, what's all this row about, my boy?" said he to the butcher; and, turning to the landlord, "Bring a bottle of sherry," he added. "Sam, with a sly wink—Why, this gentleman thinks he has a horse in the stable that can trot your mare a trifle faster," said the copers, with well-assumed warmth—Who is bounding? "Sam—Why you are talking about a horse, and your grand trotter back him for a 'dread' against the mare that's what I say. Copers—Indeed, I have no 'dread' to bet about trotting horses. Sam—Well, no; but still I don't like to sit here and hear people bounce about their fast trotting horses. Copers, with well-assumed warmth—Who is bounding? "Sam—Why you are talking about a horse, and your grand trotter back him for a 'dread' against the mare that's what I say. 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THE GAME OF CHESS.

NEW YORK VS. PHILADELPHIA.
NEW YORK VICTORIOUS!

The recent match in Philadelphia, between Theo. Lichtenheim, representing the New York players, and H. P. Montgomery, representing the Philadelphia players, has been a long and arduous one. The score stands: Lichtenheim, 10; Montgomery, 7. This is a highly satisfactory result to the loss of the previous matches by correspondence. Cash interest, however, rather than to be balanced, and indifferent material used in making up committees here, but now a really strong, self-reliant, cool-headed player "goes it alone," meets their strength, and shows them the difference between laboring in a night, and the untrammelled position, to an extent that has surprised even as well as delighted Mr. Lichtenheim personally, as well as all who wished to see the Metropolis freed from the impatience of inferiority which had more than begun to be whispered round. We congratulate Mr. Lichtenheim on his triumphant account of this match.

Money Cans Rooms.—The brilliant tournament at this popular resort is rapidly approaching completion. As usual, our young friend Leonard is the first to finish his match, as the rounds of encounters successively come on; and again, as usual, too, with a brilliant victory. He is a match (fourth round) with Dr. Barnett terminated by a draw. L. Dr. B. L. 2. The closing parties will meet on the next week. Our youthful contributor has recently defeated the sturdy veteran Thomson in chess successively three times. We are certain that no other player in New York ever performed or could have performed such an achievement.

Dr. B. D. Chess Instructor.—This valuable little treatise, by the Editor of this column, can be had at all times at the bar of the "Morphy Chess Rooms."

Monroe's Tourney.—A full report next week.

ENIGMA NO. 280

BY HENRY HEDDERGHEIM.



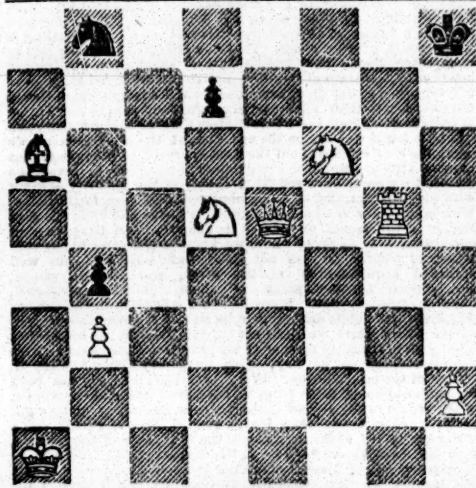
White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM NO. 280—TOURNAMENT NO. 75.

"Last of His Race."

BY G. H. WATKINS AND T. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



White to play and, without making any capture, compel Black to give mate in thirty-two moves.

GAME NO. 280.

Recently contested at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," between Mr. Wm. Hey and our contributor, E. Brezinger.

PAIKHEDS LEADERS OUTSTANDING GAMBIT.

Attack.	Defense.	Attack.	Defense.
1. P to K4	P to K4	20. K to K5 (f)	P to Q3
2. P to K4	P to K4	21. Q to P3	K to K4
3. K to P3	P to K4	22. Q to K1	Q to Q
4. K to Q4	K to Q4	23. B to P3	K to Q3
5. Q to K3	Q to K3	24. K to B3	R to Q3
6. K to B3	Castles	25. R to B7	K to K3
7. K to B3	Castles	26. R to K7	Q to K3
8. Q to K3	K to K4	27. K to K6	K to K3
9. Q to K3	K to K4	28. R to K3	K to B3
10. K to K3	P to K3	29. R to K3	K to B3
11. K to K3	P to K3	30. R to K3	K to B3
12. Castles	P to K3	31. R to K3	K to B3
13. B to P3	Q to B4	32. R to K3	K to B3
14. K to B3	Q to P3	33. R to K3	K to B3
15. Q to B3	Q to K2	34. R to K3	K to B3
16. Q to K3	Q to K2	35. R to K3	K to B3
17. K to B3	Q to K2	36. P to K3	R to K3
18. R to B3	Q to K2	37. P to K3	R to K3
19. R to B3	Q to K2	38. P to K3	R to K3

(a) The only "evolution" of the King's Gambit, if this bold counter-attack can be called an evasion, that ought ever to be seen in a chess room between amateurs most simply to enjoy the game. In matches, of course, nothing is to be said about any course a player chooses to adopt.

(b) A favorite move of Mr. H.; and it certainly leads to a very open game.

(c) This sacrifice is perfectly sound, and gives the Attack a very strong assault indeed.

(d) A plausible-looking move; but from the 4th move to here we are not pleased with the Defense, as he is now in difficulties from which an ordinary play will save him.—[Ed.]

(e) A move very well taken.

(f) Keeping up his assault in right down good earnest.

(g) Clings to the ruins of his game with desperate tenacity.—[Ed.]

Brief skirmish at Cleveland, Ohio, between our contributor John Schlessinger, giving the odds of K to K, and an Amateur.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Schlessinger.	Amateur.	Schlessinger.	Amateur.
1. P to K4	P to K4	9. P to K5	R to K4
2. K to B3	Q to B3	10. B to P3	K to B3
3. K to B3	K to B3	11. K to B3	K to B3
4. P to K4	B to K3	12. Q to K3	Q to K3
5. P to B3	K to B3	13. Q to B3	P to Q3
6. Castles	K to B3	14. K to P3	P to P3
7. P to P3	P to P3	15. B to Q3	and the Defense resigns.
8. B to P3	Q to K3		

(A) P to Q3 is the correct move for the Defense at this point—mark the consequences which follow this deviation, which seem in a manner forced.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYERS.—By Henry Spayth; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price, \$2.00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address FRANK QUINN, editor New York CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On THE SQUARES, Williamsburgh, N. Y.—Thanks for Laird and Lady. Rated, as you will perceive. Call often.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, Palmyra, Vt.—O. K.

DEATH, Lancaster, N. Y.—Green Mountain Boy considers.

J. A. J., New York.—Mary E. M. accepts you as an antagonist in place of Non Nemo. Go ahead.

G. W. CHAPMAN.—Position received. Please state where you reside, in your next.

J. M. DEAN, South Adams, Mass.—One of your positions appears in this week. Let us hear from you again.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 72—Vol. VII.

BY WILLIAMS.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P to K4	P to K4	4. P to K5	R to K4
2. K to B3	Q to B3	5. K to B3	K to B3
3. K to B3	K to B3	6. P to K4	B to K3
4. P to K4	B to K3	7. P to B3	K to B3
5. P to B3	K to B3	8. K to P3	P to P3
6. Castles	K to B3	9. B to Q3	and the Defense resigns.
7. P to P3	P to P3		
8. B to P3	Q to K3		

(A) P to Q3 is the correct move for the Defense at this point—mark the consequences which follow this deviation, which seem in a manner forced.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' SEVENTH POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P to K4	P to K4	4. P to K5	R to K4
2. K to B3	Q to B3	5. K to B3	K to B3
3. K to B3	K to B3	6. P to K4	B to K3
4. P to K4	B to K3	7. P to B3	K to B3
5. P to B3	K to B3	8. K to P3	P to P3
6. Castles	K to B3	9. B to Q3	and the Defense resigns.
7. P to P3	P to P3		
8. B to P3	Q to K3		

White loses through being unable to keep command of square 20.

And Black wins.

GAME NO. 37—Vol. VIII.

Communicated by O. H. SQUARE.

"LAIRD AND LADY."

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P to K4	P to K4	4. P to K5	R to K4
2. K to B3	Q to B3	5. K to B3	K to B3
3. K to B3	K to B3	6. P to K4	B to K3
4. P to K4	B to K3	7. P to B3	K to B3
5. P to B3	K to B3	8. K to P3	P to P3
6. Castles	K to B3	9. B to Q3	and the Defense resigns.
7. P to P3	P to P3		
8. B to P3	Q to K3		

(a) Not "booked" by Anderson or Drummond, but held to be draw by some of our best players.

(b) The only move. 2 to 6 would be a position next week.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DEATH.

Game drawn.

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND NON NEMO.

Black—Mary. White—Non Nemo.

2. 15 23 18

3. 8 31

POSITION NO. 73—Vol. VII.

THE 8th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY J. N. DEAN.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

White to move and win.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BEING A RECORD OF WELL FOUGHT BATTLES.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TEN.

Bob Purcell, one of the Gamers of the Game.

His Battle with Warkley, in the presence of

Ten Thousand Spectators.

The above-out-and-out "bit of stuff" was born at Shrewsbury, on

the 15th of March, 1738. The fighting weight of Bob was about 11

stone 5 lbs., and in height he was 5 feet 9 inches; but he was

really called a 12 stone man. His appearance did not indicate

much strength; but his nob had some miffing points about it. He

had a great nose for boxing; though, in disposition, a quieter

or more unassuming man did not exist than Bob Purcell.

In the city of Norwich, Purcell was so much an object of attraction

in the sporting circles, that a purse of £50 was given by the

Norwich P. C. for Bob to enter the lists with Warkley. The latter

purge, who had left London, and taken up his residence at Nor-

wich, was a fine athletic young man, weighing about 14 stone, and

a pupil of Oliver's. The battle took place at Remburg Green, on

Thursday, April 1, 1839.

This contest, it seems, excited considerable interest among the

Provincial Fancys, and no less than 10,000 persons assembled on the

above spot to witness the battle. The place originally fixed upon

was Burgay Common, where Palmer fought with Sutton the Black.

In excellent form for the combats, and at a little before three

began to assemble, when notice was sent by the Magistrate, who

happened to be sitting at Burgay, stating they would not permit

the battle to take place. A movement immediately took place to

Remburg Green, about six miles from Burgay, where the ring

was formed, and the multitude assembled. A messenger was dis-

patched to Burgay for the combats, and at a little before three

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THE REVENGEFUL ELEPHANT.

AS DESCRIBED BY HIS NEXT FRIEND, THE SHOWMAN.

BY W. O. KATON.

"And here, ladies and gentlemen—please to take care of your coats, as he steps over the rope and advances are used among you, to testify his approval of your liberal presence—the elephant, a

surmounting, usually called "Old T," which he is supposed to be two hundred and thirty-one years old, and weighs nine tons."

A buzz of applause went round the wondering assembly, and even the monkeys were deserted by the boys, who came to hear the history of this enormous animal, and treasure it up for future use.

"The elephant is in general a native of hot countries, but is wrongly supposed to be confined to the East. He is found in the North, like the lion, and is indeed a hot native; but the white elephant, a rare and insignificant species, comes from the snowy regions of the north, where he may be found in company with the polar bear, the white mouse, the white black bird, and other white animals of the frozen zone. At one time the Russian Government, many white elephants were employed by the Russian Government to assist the exiles of Siberia in great public works.

The elephant is a great traveler, and some of the white ones have been found in the southern parts of Asia, where they have wandered on a spree. For the elephant is a great drunkard when he can get the liquor, and this may account for the roll in his gait, though he is never known to stagger, on account of the strength of his legs. Look out for his first, little boy, who will make the most animal advances around the show."

"Did you say he weighed nine tons?" inquired a broad-looking gentleman with a cadaverous countenance and green eyes.

"Nine tons and twenty-four pounds, when he was last weighed; though he may have gained something since, as his appetite is great."

"Impossible he should weigh nine tons!" exclaimed the learned doctor.

"Fetch a pair of scales and weigh him yourself upon the spot!" returned the showman, confidently. "But you must pay the expenses."

The doctor said no more on that head, doubtless considering the difficulty of procuring a pair of portable scales sufficiently large to weigh the unchristian creature.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

News, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Amusement Profession.

BILL POSTERS UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North street, basement. 41-5m

Albany, N. Y., J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-6m

Cleveland, O., J. J. Quinn & Co., 114 Ontario street. 18-6m

Troy, N. Y., A. E. Hay, Troy Daily Whig office. 33-6m

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE.

Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

JERRY, NEIL and DAN BRYANT Managers and Proprietors.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Famous BRYANT'S MINSTRELS Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:

JERRY BRYANT, DAN BRYANT, D. S. WAMBOLD, J. E. ISAACS, J. B. SIVORI, G. H. PURCEY, N. W. GOULD, D. E. KEMMETT, J. H. BILTON, W. L. BOBBS, G. W. CHARLES, T. M. MORTON, T. J. FEEL, and NEIL BRYANT.

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:

Essence of Old Virginia, Scenes at Gurney's, Challenge Dance, The Three Hunters, Surprise Party, The Garretters, African Polka, Doral MacDill Barrolle's, Grape Vine Twist, Miss Isipili King, Also Dan Emmett's Original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gonier, Who Hoel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Ticket 25 cents. 24

BOYLE & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.

AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD, NIBLO'S SALOON.

R. M. BOYLE, R. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, Proprietors.

MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 27th, AND EVERY EVENING.

W. B. Messrs. Boyle, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce to the patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the above commodious and popular Saloon for the winter season, where they intend to produce a series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the most recherche style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall far exceed anything of the kind ever offered to New York audience. The programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL, and UNAPPROACHABLE.

Look at the company—

BEN COTTON, J. J. UNSWORTH, R. C. CAMPBELL, MASTER EUGENE, G. W. H. GRIFFIN, W. NORTON, J. B. DONNIKER, J. C. KEEVES, R. J. MELVILLE, A. ASCHER, J. J. HILLIARD, and R. M. BOYLE.

For further particulars, send small bills. Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock. Tickets, 25 cents. 20

WILSON & MORRIS' MINSTRELS.

Fifteen Star Performers.

First Annual Tour to the cities of the North.

Look at this array of talent.

CHARLEY BACKUS, the great Ethiopian Comedian from California.

Mr. CHAS. REYNOLDS, GEO. W. SHARP, ADD. WEAVER, LITTLE BARNEY, E. P. EMERY, A. JONES.

M. T. SKIFF, W. A. FIELD, F. CORDUKES, C. BOSWALD, J. D. BURTON, W. H. BROCKWAY, G. M. S. W. MORRIS.

We, the management, contend that we have the best Quartette, the best Minstrelsy, the funniest Comedians, the best Dancers, and the best Properties in the Ethiopian Profession. In all of the above statements we come criticism and defy competition.

FRED. WILSON, CHAS. A. MORRIS & W. H. BROCKWAY, Proprietors.

40-41 CHAS. W. MORRIS, Agent.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS.

Are now performing at THEIR OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, AND DO NOT TRAVEL.

ONLY DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS.

ANY PERSON PERSONS OR COMPANY representing that they are in any way connected with MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS, ARE IMPOSTERS.

as we have no connection with any company, except the one now performing in Boston.

UNDER OUR MANAGEMENT.

TO CROWDED HOUSES NIGHTLY.

38-41 MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE, Proprietors.

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY WOODS' MINSTRELS.

SYLVESTER WOODS, Proprietor and Manager.

FROM WOODS' MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELRY, 141 and 143 Broadway, N. Y.

Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PICTURES, illustrative of 31-41 MATT. PELL'S LIFE AND SCENERY.

MRS. MATT. PELL'S CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

Completing FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.

Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their

BEAUTIFUL SINGING, LUDICROUS BURLESQUES, UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING, OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.

Interpersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other traveling companies, and the only troupe in the world that has the undoubted right to the name of CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

NO CARES EXPLANATORY. NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY.

As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

Particulars of the evening's amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.

35-41 J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS.

Are now in their FOURTH REGULAR SEASON.

At their Opera House, ORCHARD HALL, BOSTON.

The company consists of the following talented artists:

JOY MORRIS, E. BOWERS, BILLY MORRIS, R. SANDS, JOHNNY PELL, R. M. CARROLL, J. C. TROWBRIDGE, AUGUST SCHNEIDER, A. A. THAYER, J. S. GILBERT, E. W. PRESNUTT, CARL TRAUTMAN, J. P. ENRISS, FREDERICK RESS.

MASTER GETTINGS.

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.

19 LON MORRIS, Manager.

THE WORLD RENOWNED JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS.

Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any company ever organized, consisting of the following brilliant array of stars:

JOHNNY BOOKER, HARRY EVARTS, DICK SLIER, S. S. PURDY, ROBT. LANE, THOS. JEFFERSON, G. L. HALL, G. M. WARRE, C. E. STONE, HERR HECK, whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions throughout the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, &c. JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager; HARRY EVARTS, Stage Director; Da. W. H. Jones, Agent.

38-41 CARD—In answer to frequent letters, Mr. Sothorn begs to state that his engagement list is full to May next.

35-41 J. J. PUNEL, Agent for Mr. R.

TO SHOWMEN.—For sale, Five Panoramas, of the following subjects:—

KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGE, ISLAND OF CUBA, WAR IN INDIA, WHALING VOYAGE.

Also Forty Life Size Wax Figures, One Educated Bull, Don Juan, Jr. The above will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for other property.

GEORGE K. GOODWIN, 117 Court street, Boston.

N. B.—Cash paid for rare Antiques.

SEYMOUR BRADLEY AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 142 Canal street. The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondence, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday.

TO MANAGERS AND ACTORS.—A true American Comedy to be dispensed of. Apply to GOMA, at this office.

TO THE PUBLIC—WHERE AND WHO ARE THE GLASS BLOWERS.

ERS.—The only company of glass blowers that have any reputation as artists in this line, are the "Bohemian Troupe," now exhibiting every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at Musical Hall, Brooklyn, corner of Fulton and Orange streets, at which place they exhibited last season for thirteen consecutive weeks.

This company have on exhibition two low pressure steam engines, and one oscillating engine, all of which are made entirely of glass, and the only ones in the world ever made entirely from that material. As a guarantee of this fact, this company will pay the sum of \$15,000 to any person or persons that can produce a duplicate specimen of either of the low pressure engines, and \$10,000 to any person or persons that can produce a duplicate specimen of the oscillating engine, all of which are made by this well known troupe. This notice, and these rewards, are presented to public attention, as a caution against certain impostors, who are not satisfied with deceiving the public as to their own abilities, but must needs take unto themselves the name and fame of this, the only and original Bohemian troupe of glass workers.

This company, composed of American and English artists, adopted the name—"Bohemian Troupe of Glass Workers"—from the fact that they, on their first organization, imported for the first time into the United States, those fine colors in glass which are so famed throughout the world, but through their exertions and scientific directions, the same is now manufactured by the New England Glass Factory, East Cambridge, Mass. This scientific company is composed of the following artists:—G. A. Woodroffe, C. A. Woodroffe, W. Woodroffe, E. Haggarty, C. H. Carling, and Mrs. G. A. Woodroffe. T. M. Barrows accompanies the troupe as Pianist. E. Taft, Treasurer; C. H. Carling is Agent and Business Manager.

41-42 GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN.

45 BOWERY.

PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON.

EVERY EVENING.

By the most TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.

Consisting of the best AMERICAN, FRENCH, AND GERMAN TALENT.

FOR SINGING, DANCING, ETHIOPIAN PERFORMANCES, BURLESQUE AND PANTOMIME.

First week of the celebrated PROF. M. M. REINTSH, the well known ACROBAT and HERCULES, with his wonderful child A G N E S.

Six years old, who will make a GRAND ASCENSION ON THE TIGHT ROPE.

Every Evening. Look at the array of talent:—

MAD. PERSALIE, MR. BERTHELOM, MAD. DEHLW, MR. MCGUIRE, MISS SOPHIA WALTON, MR. TRIMSON, MISS ROSALIE, EWA BRENT, MR. WEHDEL, MAD. CONSTANTIN, PROF. REINTSH, MISS AGNES, MASTER GEORGE, BALLE MASTER, SIG. C. CONSTANTIN.

The Cheapest Place of Amusement. ADMISSION SIX CENTS ONLY.

41-42 O'CONNOR, SIOH & CO.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.

444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.

The largest and best conducted place of amusement in the city.

GREAT ACCESSION OF TALENT.

BAILEY, BURLESQUE, Interwoven with Comic and Sentimental Singing, Negro Extravaganza, Duets, Vandylls, Quartettes, Comicalities, &c., &c., by the largest troupe of artists in America.

Engagement of the favorite and accomplished MISS MARY PARTINGTON, Confessedly the best Dancer on the American stage.

The highly popular Vocalist, CHARLEY WHITE.

J. W. ANDREWS, BOB HART, L. SIMMONS, W. QUINN, HARRY LESLIE, WM. B. HARRISON.

MISS ADELE KELLER, MISS MARY BLAKE, MISS KATE HARRISON, MISS MILLIE FLORA, MISS EMMA SCHELL, MISS ANNIE HARRISON, MISS MARY FLORENCE, MISS IDA DELMONT, MISS NELLY GRAY.

Together with a complete CORPS DE BALLET and a full and efficient Orchestra, led by FRANK VON OLKER.

Parquet, 20 cents. Gallery, 10 cents. Seats in Private Boxes, 50 cents.

R. W. BUTLER, Proprietor.

MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.

RETURNED FROM HAWAII, CUBA.

In consequence of the yellow fever making its ravages among our members, and taking from us some of our prominent performers—by death—we were, for the safety of the remaining ones, compelled to forfeit all engagements and leave the island for home. The misfortune that befel us has caused the management to disorganize until the 10th of March, when the Company will be made up for their regular Spring and Summer Tour. Artists of acknowledged talent, such as instrumental and vocalists, wishing to negotiate for the season of eleven months, will be glad to do so.

41-42 RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, 472 Broadway.

SHOWMEN'S GUIDE.

AND DIRECTORY TO THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

This book will be ready for delivery February 1st, 1861. It now has the names of nearly 500 Halls, such as Lyceums, Concert Rooms, Theatres, &c.

HALL OWNERS, HOTEL PROPRIETORS, MUSICIANS, EXHIBITORS.

Or others wishing their address inserted, or those hall owners wishing a description of their Halls, Theatres, or Concert Rooms, made public through the Showmen's Guide, by sending their address, with particulars, to the subscriber, will receive by return mail, a PROSPECTUS OF THE DIRECTORY.

Remember, I do not ask advertisement to pay money in advance, but I do ask assurance that the Guide is no humbug. Any showman wishing a copy of the Guide and Directory will receive one on receipt of Four Red Sticks, Free of Postage. Address: WYMAN, Wizard and Ventriquist, Philadelphia, Pa.

37-38 THE TROY THEATRE is now being repaired and renovated, preparatory to opening on or about January 25th. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability desiring engagements for six months season, please address HALL & RIGGS.

Popular Stars treated with an liberal terms. 41-42

JOHN E. WALLACE, comic singer and clown, better known as John E. Johnson, is required for by a Philadelphia correspondent. Who has an assurance that the Guide is no humbug. Any showman wishing a copy of the Guide and Directory will receive one on receipt of Four Red Sticks, Free of Postage. Address: WYMAN, Wizard and Ventriquist, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, FROM ITS EARLIEST DATE,

With Sketches of some of the Principal Performers.

BY T. ALSTON BROWN,

REPRINTED FROM THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Indepent Circus, New York, situated in Laurens street, near Thompson, Leonard and Canal streets, opened by W. Sanford in 1825. Richmond Hill Theatre, N. Y., was transformed into an Amphitheatre, and opened October, 1825, with a good equestrian company. Bowery Amphitheatre, New York, was remodelled in 1837, and occupied by J. E. Titus, Angeline & Co. In 1851 it was opened for one season by B. S. Howe's company. Subsequently, the circus troupe of Bands, Nathan & Co. performed in the building up to the termination of the twenty years' lease, in 1853.

The first circus that ever visited Albany, N. Y., performed on the open lot near Old Fort Orange. The riders were Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, from England. They had no canvas—nothing but stakes and ropes forming a ring for the riders. Collections were taken up by the clown, among the audience outside the ring. Mrs. Stewart was a fearless, graceful rider.

Robert's English Circus, after being burnt out at the corner of 9th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, 1796, proceeded north, performing in New York and Albany, and thence to England. West's company performed at Albany in 1820, in the "Old Colony," near Broadway, back of a stone-cutter's yard. His company performed several seasons at the Broadway Circus. They first produced Timour the Tartar, Calcutt of the Ganges, Blue Beard, &c. West, after selling out to Price & Simpson, of the Park Theatre, New York, returned to England wealthy.

The palmy days of Price & Simpson's Circus began to decline in 1826. One beautiful animal was saved, of the entire stud—"Pammy Mare"—that was kept in the stable from Baltimore to Charleston. It was described as a heart-breaking scene. The poor animals followed in the wake of the vessel until they disappeared, one after another, beneath the waves. After this disaster circuses seemed to have died out.

There was a circus on the hill in Albany, just above the old jail in State street, corner of Eagle street. Parsons was the proprietor. This was before he opened the Pearl Street Show, in 1824. It was on this spot that Joe Martin exhibited his wild beasts "Tippo Sultan," the great elephant, was the star? Being the second elephant ever seen in America. Tippo Sultan died in the Bowery, New York, in 1822, under the following circumstances: Tippo had got loose from his cage, in the absence of the keepers. Martin came into the caravan at this moment. One of the tigers had torn the lama to pieces, and was feeding on it. The other tiger had attacked the lion, holding the tiger in "ebanery." The tiger that was feeding on the lama then made at Joe, who had a pistol in his hand, and kept him at bay till he got to the elephant, who, quick as thought, with his trunk placed Joe in a covey on his back. Tippo threw the tiger with great violence to the roof of the building. The alarm was given and the animals secured. It was a most miraculous escape for Joe. This circus consisted of John Stuckey and wife; Bill Gates, clown, many years ago comedian at the Bowery Theatre; Jim Westcott, rider, died from the effects of a fall from his horse at Syracuse; Mat. De Garmo, of the Park Theatre, Albany, who was a poor fellow who died in the mines of Galena; Ned Carter, black-rope.

The wonderful pony "Billy," 30 inches high, was a great curiosity in those days. Old Bill Jones was the groomman of this circus, and I believe is still living in Albany. There was also a theatrical entertainment given here. Daily played Timour, the stage being "mother earth." The dressing rooms were in the rear of the old jail. Mrs. Thompson played Zorilda; her charger flew up the steps like a cat. She sang comic songs and danced the black-rope. She was alive a few years ago, the wife of an actor named Col. Mrs. Pritchard, formerly Mrs. Tatum, played here. She married Sam. Hosick, the son of the colonel. He died at New York. I have a letter in my possession from Mrs. P. She was then in New Orleans. She says: "I am now about to leave New Orleans forever," etc., etc., and so she did. The steamer on which she was took her on Red River, and she perished. She was a beautiful woman, but not an excellent actress. Her performances were showy, fustian, perhaps an agreeable rant—a brunette, with expressive black eyes, flowing black hair, green nose, mouth set off with splendid pearls. Having been bred to dance a bit, she was very graceful in so doing. While living with her husband, Mr. Pemberton, in the West Indies, she became acquainted with Sam. Tatum, the equestrian, and he representing the vast field that was open to her talents in the United States, made love to and eloped with her to the States, where she opened at the Broadway Circus, New York, as an equestrian. She then visited Baltimore, and opened at the Walnut Street Circus, S. p. 4, 1827, and made quite a hit. On the 10th of December 1824 at the Chestnut, as Florida in the Appellate; but the result proved that she did not possess the legitimate claims to Thalia. As Little Pickle in the Spotted Child was excellent.

Blanchard's Circus visited Albany in 1826, and joined Parsons at the North Pearl street. This company had been playing at Quebec, Blanchard was an Englishman. He died at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1837, and was buried by the Masonic Fraternity. His son George is living in that city. Cecelia Blanchard broke her leg while riding at Utica, 1828, and it had to be amputated. William, the bare back rider, died in Monticello, W. I., 1831. Blanchard opened the new Amphitheatre, in 1829, and realized a fortune, but subsequently lost all. He opened the old Chatham Garden, New York, as a circus, and failed. For many years he kept a small inn on Bloomingdale Road. Matinee Blanchard is now a French cook in New York. Cecelia is still living in New York. The immortal "Nosey Phillips" of "Free-lunch" memory, was Blanchard's right hand bottle washer at this time. I hear "Nosey" is defunct. Well, if he is dead, he was just one of the old events. So people to his regret. There was a show-shop at the corner of Third and Green streets, Albany. Circus, &c., flourished here for a while time, in 1823-4. Old Valuable and family danced on the rope here.

The Amphitheatre of Parsons, in North Pearl street, Albany, where the Methodist Church now stands, was probably one of the most specious and perfect in all its appointments in the Union. The ring and stage were on the roof of the building, and the audience was seated in an opening into the garden over the stage, thus affording a grand display in getting up such spectacles as the Calcutt of the Ganges, Blue Beard, the Siege of Monticello, &c., with processions of men, horses and elephants, producing a grand and truly imposing effect. The following are the names of the Equestrian Corps, &c., who performed at the Amphitheatre, &c., with W. A. Jones, Bancker, Chatham Hill, &c., afterwards dancing upon the char wheel at the same place. The first low comedian at the Bowery Theatre, New York, was Mr. W. A. Jones, &c. The dramatic company consisted of:—Kenny, Thompson, Lamb, Lally, Stevenson, Henry Butler, Somerville, C. W. Taylor, now "Old Charley Taylor," &c. &c. &c. a young man with flowing ambrosial locks, an actor of 35 at Avery, Roper, Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. John Cooke, Mrs. Elodie, Miss Elodie, Miss Lamb, Miss Robertson, &c. The Calcutt of the Ganges, and spectacles of the life character, were brought out here in a style of splendor, probably never before equalled. The stud of horses were not surpassed in number, splendor or dexterity. The celebrated horse "White Star," and at one time quite a gem, was owned by the circus, and did shortly afterwards. A gentleman by the name of Bagley, of Albany, was his guardian. His life was strange and romantic. It never was rightly known who his parents were. I will relate an incident that occurred some twenty-five years ago, which may be interesting. I was standing in company with Rockwell, on the corner of Canal and Gay streets, and Paydoras street, New Orleans, in the Fall of 1836. An English woman, accompanied with two small boys, about five and seven years of age, she seemed weighed down with grief. She asked if we knew of any humane person who would take her children and rear them—she had married a second husband, who was a Balize, and she resided with him at the South West Pass of the Mississippi River. This spot is one of the most dreary of the world. She said she was the pilot's house being erected of piles and surrounded by swamps, drift logs, alligators, &c. The poor mother informed us that her husband had formed an ill feeling towards her children, and she had come up to the city at his request, to get rid of them, or never to return herself. Rockwell took the oldest boy, and the mother begged me to take the other. It was a heart-rending scene to see the mother and children part forever. I took the boy, and a man of disreputable habits, neglected the child that was given him. I died, soon afterwards, I learned, of yellow fever. Rockwell trained the other little fellow in the arts and mysteries of the Ring, and he soon became a great favorite. The company commenced its tour through Florida in Alabama. "Little John," that was the youthful rider's name, was taken sick—the physician announced its hopeless case—the company was obliged to leave for other towns northward, so we were reluctantly compelled to leave him, and, as we supposed, forever, in the hands of strangers. Many years passed, and the fate of "Little John" remained a mystery.

I happened to be in New Orleans on another occasion, and, one night, at a masquerade ball, a rough, sea-faring man approached me and asked my name, and if I knew one Rockwell. He was the step-father of John C. H. informed me that his wife had been dead many years. Before the child she had received a letter from her son in Alabama. This was "Little John." He recovered from his sickness, and, like Oliver Twist, had fallen into the hands of a good Samaritan—he married the benefactor's daughter. Now the curtain drops on the strange drama. The youthful rider, who spoke of, was one of the Filibustering party, and, under Lopez, who was captured and garroted at Cuba, a few years ago.

Rope-dancing had its origin in France, as far as can be ascertained. The first tight-rope dancer of any note I witnessed in the reign of Charles II. His name was James Hill, and, according to all accounts, he was the first specimen of the human form in all Europe. He was a sturdy, athletic fellow, of a fine symmetry and elegance of figure, and for his strength and agility in the exercise of his art. He exhibited the powers of Hercules, while in his person were displayed the afflictions of the famous Duchess of Cleveland, and from whom he received a ruinous salary. The wits and poets of the day made the most of his person, and many a song and jest, of which it was the fruitful subject, redounded much more to the honor of this

rope-dancer than to that of her Grace. But such things were common in that profane reign, and the reader will not be surprised to learn that, notwithstanding the severity of the courts between Charles II. and his subjects, the king, Charles, was obliged to her faith, that to him, at least, the only offender the more beautiful and fascinating. Pope has some caustic lines in allusion to this subject in his "Saber Advice, from Horace."

Ducrow was a famous rope-dancer and rider. He was the proprietor of the great Astley's Amphitheatre, in London. Bath Ducrow and Astley were exceedingly ignorant, they were, however, not fools. The first time that the rope-dancer appeared in Philadelphia, his name was John Cartwright. He was handsomely provided for in the will of Ducrow. Mr. Cartwright at present keeps a cozy little ale house in 4th street, below Vine, Philadelphia. He is quite aged, but fat, jolly, and has a plenty of the world's "rocks."

Harry Andre Gine, the celebrated tight-rope dancer, at a rehearsal to the circus establishment, declined to ascend on a tight rope to the stage in the gallery, deeming it a dangerous experiment. Ducrow said: "What, sir, afraid? I am not afraid, and am not afraid of hurting myself. Give me the pole!" and, in dressing gown and slippers, Ducrow ascended and descended. The performers shuddered at the feat. Harry Gine was born in London. His brother Andrew, a herculean performer, was born in Germany. Thomas, another brother, was a melon-eater, and sold the old "Rocky Mountain," New York. His daughter is Jerry Meryfield's wife. Harry Gine made his first appearance on the American stage at the Bowery Theatre, New York, in 1828. First appeared in Philadelphia, Nov. 24, 1838, where his graceful movements on the elastic cord astonished every eye. Having accumulated quite a fortune in England, he brought it to this country, and deposited in the United States Bank, which failed, and he was ruined; he lost \$40,000. His father, a German, was living in Philadelphia a few years ago.

T. S. Gine's first appearance in America was Oct. 7th, 1835, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as William, in "Black Eyed Susan." Francis Gine was leader of the orchestra for many years at the Chestnut Philadelphia.

The celebrated Rivel family came to this country during the cholera of 1832 (J. p.). They then consisted of two performers, Jean, his wife and little daughter; Domingo (the oldest child of Mme. Lacati, a widow, whom Gabriel married in B. St.), Gabriel, Antonio, and Jerome; Miss Emily Page, whom Jean Rivel married some years later; Louis Masetti, then only nine years of age, and Jean Peberard, a favorite prodigy, afterwards eluded by an accident in London, who they divided into two troupes—Jean Rivel, Domingo, and Margit, traveling in Italy and Spain, and the three brothers proceeded to London, where they appeared Jan. 6th, 1836, at Drury Lane. On the 7th of Sept., 1836, they started for New York, where they played from October, 1836, till July, 1837. In New Orleans, they remained a long time. They lost all their baggage and property by the burning of a steamer on the Mississippi. Rivel, Master Javel, brother of Jean Rivel, died in New Orleans, of consumption. In October, 1837, the four brothers started for home; Margit remained, and joined the Lombard family. In 1847, Francis returned, bringing the Martini family with him. In 1849, Antonio and Jerome returned to America. Paul Brillaud, Josephine Berton and the Lombard were now in the troupe. Gine resided at New York, but in 1851, he came over and joined the company. Yvra Mattie, the daughter, joined the Rivel in 1853, making her debut October 31st, at Niblo's. She first appeared in Philadelphia January 15th, 1854, at the Walnut, in the ballet of "Piquette." She soon after married Francis Rivel. On the 29th of November, 1857, she sailed for England.

In 1855, Maria Zafreth, one of the greatest female tight-rope dancers in the world, was introduced into the city by Zafreth, a young, young—only twenty-three—and very pretty, with her back, without black eyes that pierce like an arrow. Her form is exquisitely symmetrical, and while the excess of her specialty have strengthened her muscles, they have not impaired her grace. Her movements are as light as those of a panther. She never uses the balance-board, but passes herself on the rope without any assistance. She has been twice married, and has two children. I think surprising in a dancer on the firm floor. She runs backward and forward, turning with incredible rapidity, dances on the rope, stands on the point of one toe, descends the angle of the rope into the paragon, and re-ascends without faltering and fear. Indeed, her doings are unexampled. 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